

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

JESUS OF SUBURBIA

I. Jesus of Suburbia (0:00)

Moderately ♩ = 144

Words by BILLIE JOE

Music by GREEN DAY

Verse:

D♭



Bbm



1. I'm the son of rage and love, _ the
2. Get my tel - e - vi - sion fix, _



Je - sus of Sub - ur - bi - a, from the bi - ble of _ "none of the a - bove," on a
sit - ting on my cru - ci - fix. The _ liv - ing room in my pri - vate womb, _ while the
(Ooh.)

A♭5



D♭



stead - y di - et _ of _
moms and Brads are a - way. _ to



so - da pop and Rit - a - lin. _
fall in love and fall in debt _

No one ev - er died for my
to al - co - hol and cig - a - rettes and

G♭5

A♭5

sins _ in hell, _ as far as I can tell, _ at least the ones I got a - way _
Mar - y Jane _ to keep me in - sane _ and do - ing some - one else's co - caine. _
(Ooh.)

Chorus:



with. } And there's noth - ing wrong with me. _ This is



how I'm s'posed to be _ in a land of make be - lieve _



that don't be-lieve in me.

1.

D.C. || 2.



Interlude:



(drum fills)

(drum fills)

(drum fills)

(Ooh.)



4

D♭

F5

(drum fills)

(drum fills)

II. City of the Damned (1:51)

Moderately slow ♩ = 76



Bbm

A♭5

G♭

A♭

1. At the

mf

Verse:



cen-ter of the earth in the park-ing lot_ of the Sev-en E - lev - en where I was taught_

read the graf-fi - ti in the bath-room stall_ like the Ho - ly Scrip-tures of the shop-ping mall_



the mot-to was _ just a lie. _____ It says, _

And so it seemed _ to con-fess. _____ It






"Home is where your heart is," but what a shame ___ 'cause ___ ev-'ry-one's heart does-n't beat the same. ___
 did - n't say much but it on - ly con - firmed that the cen - ter of the earth is the end of the world.




It's beating out ___ of ___ time. ___
 And I could real - ly care less. ___

Chorus:






Cit - y of the dead ___ at the end of an - oth - er lost high - way.
 (Hey. Hey. Hey. Hey.)





Signs mis - lead - ing to ___ no - where. ___

Bbm



A♭



D♭



G♭



Cit - y of the damned, — lost chil-dren with dirt - y fac-es to - day.
(Hey. Hey. Hey. Hey.)

1.

Bbm



A♭



G♭



No one real-ly seems to — care. — 2. I

2.

Bbm



A♭



Faster ♩ = 156

G♭



No one really seems to — care. —

cresc.

III. I Don't Care (3:42)

A♭

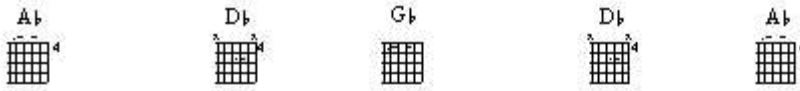


D♭



Hey!

f



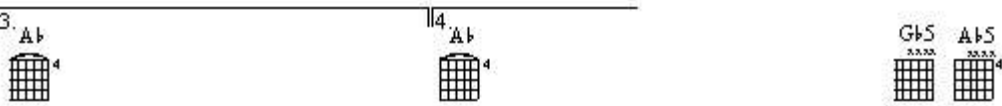


Chorus:



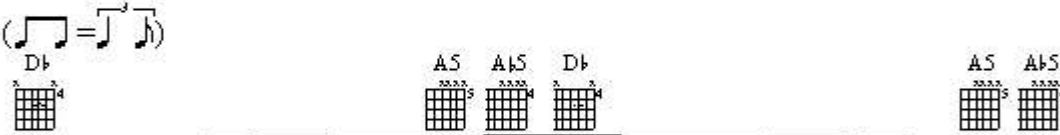
I don't care if you don't... I don't care if you don't... I don't care if you don't





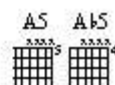
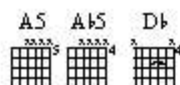
care. care. I don't





care.

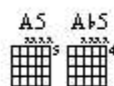




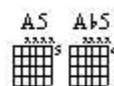
(simile)

Verse:

N.C.

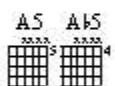


N.C.

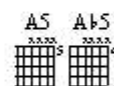


Ev - 'ry-one's so full of s***, born and raised by hy-po - crites.

N.C.

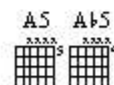


N.C.

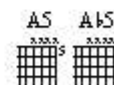


Hearts re - cy - cled but nev - er saved from the cra - dle to the grave.

N.C.



N.C.



We are the kids of war and peace from An - a - heim to the Mid - dle East.

N.C.   N.C.  

We are the sto-ries and dis - ci-ples of _____ the Je-sus of Sub - ur-bi - a. _____

Bridge:

Land of make be - lieve, and it don't be - lieve in me. _____

Land of make be - lieve, and I don't be - lieve, and I don't

care. I don't care. I don't

(Whoo. Whoo. Whoo.) (Whoo. Whoo. Whoo.)

care. (Whoo. Whoo. Whoo.) I don't care. (Whoo. Whoo. Whoo.) I don't

care.

mf

IV. Dearly Beloved (5:25)

Moderately fast $\text{♩} = 154$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}' \text{♩}$)

Verse:

Dear - ly be - lov - ed, are you lis - ten - ing? _____

I can't re - mem - ber a word that you were say - ing. _____

(simile)




Are we de-ment - ed or am I dis - turbed? _____





The space that's in _____ be - tween in - sane and in - se - cure. _____





(Ooh. _____) (Ooh. _____)

(simile)





Oh, ther-a - py, _____ can you please fill _____
(Ooh. _____)




the void? Am I re-tard - ed or am
 (Ooh.)





I just o-ver - joyed? No-bod-y's per - fect and I stand
 (Ooh.)




ac - cused, for lack of a bet - ter word and that's
 (Ooh.)





my best ex - cuse. (Ooh.)

Cm D $\flat$ A $\flat$ E $\flat$

(Ooh...)

V. Tales of Another Broken Home (6:31)

Moderately slow $\text{♩} = 96$

A $\flat$ 5 G $\flat$ 5 D $\flat$ 5 A $\flat$ 5 G $\flat$ 5 D $\flat$ 5

1. To

live and not to breathe is to
lost my faith to this

3. (gtr. solo ad lib....)



die in trag - e - dy. To
town that don't ex - ist. So I



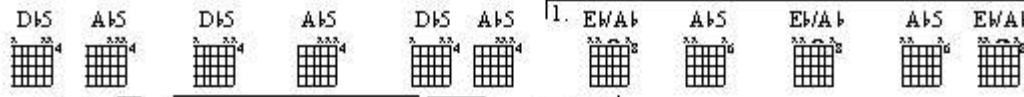
run, to run a - way to
run, I run a - way, to the



find what you be - lieve. And
lights of mas - o - chists. And



I leave be - hind this
(Ooh.)

D♭5 A♭5 D♭5 A♭5 D♭5 A♭5 1. E♭/A♭ A♭5 E♭/A♭ A♭5 E♭/A♭


hur - ri - cane of f***ing lies. 2. I

(Ooh.)

lies. And I walked this

(Ooh.)

line a mil - lion and one f***ing

(Ooh.)

times. But not this time.

G♭5 D♭5












D.S. al Fine

...end solo)

Bridge:






I don't feel an - y shame, I won't a - pol - o - gize

mp

when there ain't no - where you can go.




Run - ning a - way from pain when you've been vic - tim - ized.





E♭



Tales from an - oth - er bro - ken..._____



A♭5



G♭5



D♭5



A♭5



G♭5



D♭5



(Home.)

You're leav - ing,

you're leav - ing,



A♭5



G♭5



D♭5



A♭5



G♭5



D♭5



you're leav - ing.

Are you leav - ing



A♭5



G♭5



D♭5



A♭5



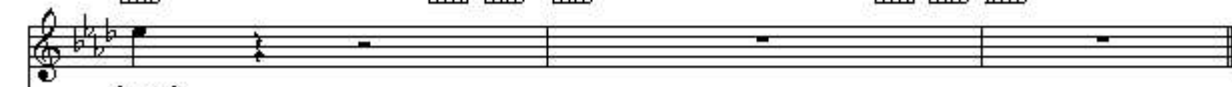
G♭5



D♭5



A♭5



home?

